

# The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 17

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

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## LOVELL TAKES OVER BETHEL, 5 TO 3

In a Fast Game at Lovell Center, Lovell Gets Four Runs in Third Inning

Last Sunday, the twelfth, Bethel journeyed to Lovell Center and met defeat at the hands of the Lovell All-Stars. The game was a fast nine inning affair and was featured by excellent pitching by both teams.

Lovell was exceedingly fortunate to win, bunching four of their eight hits in the third inning, which combined with an error, netted them four runs, enough to win the game.

The first inning started off with a hit by each team but neither side scored. In the second, Bethel broke the ice with a double by Win Howe and a single by Yon Eldredge. Gill pitched himself out of a bad hole in Lovell's half, striking out two men with the bases loaded.

Another Bethel hit was wasted in the third but not so with Lovell. The first man up got a life on Scotty's error, the next batter connected for a two bagger, and the three men following each connected safely to total four runs.

This ended the scoring until the seventh when Lovell got a lucky run on an error, a stolen base, and a Texas leaguer over first. Bethel broke into the scoring again in the eighth with two out. Roger Bartlett had made a nice hit but was called out stealing with a decision that seemed questionable. The next man struck out but Scotty made a hit. White got a walk and Howe brought them both in with his second two base clout.

Neither side did any further scoring with both pitchers bearing down hard. Gill pitched the first four innings for Bethel and except for the unlucky third did very well. That one inning with its four runs was enough, however, to give the decision to the opponents. Jack struck out seven men in the four innings he worked while his successor Rodney Bartlett made ten of the All-Stars fan the breezes in the same number of innings.

Bethel out hit the Lovellites ten to eight but could not bunt them to any extent. Win Howe was mainly responsible for Bethel's three runs, scoring one and driving in the other two. Roger Bartlett and Eldredge were the other men to connect twice for Bethel. Southern pitched a good game, striking out eleven men. He allowed ten hits but kept them well scattered. The breaks were all against Bethel and there were one or two decisions by the umpires that didn't seem altogether correct.

The box score—

BETHEL	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Goddard	5	0	1	2	1	0
Rog. Bartlett	5	0	2	1	0	0
Swann	4	0	1	0	0	0
Robertson 3rd	4	1	1	2	1	1
White Jr.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Howe	4	1	2	0	0	0
Eldredge 2nd	4	0	2	0	0	0
Gill	2	0	0	0	0	0
Rod. Bartlett	2	0	0	0	0	0
Lurvey 1st	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	35	3	10	24	3	2
LOVELL	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Stearns 2nd	4	0	1	0	0	0
Allen Jr.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Bradshaw	4	1	1	0	4	1
South	4	2	1	0	4	1
Bassett 3rd	4	1	3	0	0	0
McAllister	4	0	2	1	0	0
Walker 1st	3	0	0	0	0	1
Wadsworth	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	5	8	27	9	2

Summary: Earned runs—Bethel 3, Lovell 5. Two base hits—Howe 2, Bradshaw. First on base—off Southern 1. Struck out—by Southern 11, by Gill 7, by Rod. Bartlett 10. Left on base—Bethel 8, Lovell 7. Passed balls—McAllister 2. First base on error—Bethel 1, Lovell 2. Hits by pitcher—by Gill 1 (Walker, Watson) by Southern (Rog. Bartlett). Umpires—Cushman, Bean, Sawyer. Time of game—2 hours. Score by innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. Bethel 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 3. Lovell 0 0 4 0 0 1 0 0 0.

## James—Martin

A very pretty wedding occurred on Sunday noon, August 6, at Ferry Beach when Arnold Ralph James, formerly of North Newry and Beatrice May Martin of West Paris were united in marriage by Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes.

The double ring service was used and the ceremony took place in the Universalist temple in the grove. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Stone.

Mr. James is the daughter of Mr. James E. James of North Newry and is well known in Bethel, where he attended Ovid Academy for a time. At present he is employed by the State.

Both are highly respected and have the best wishes of many friends.

Diligence makes all things appear easy.

## Dinner Party Observance of 90th Birthday

DINNER PARTY IN CELEBRATION OF 90th BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Angelia Clark observed her 90th birthday on Sunday, August 12, by entertaining a dinner party. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clark of Phillipsburg, N. J., Irving Clark and Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn. Mrs. Clark wishes to express her thanks and appreciation to all of her many friends who so kindly remembered her by a shower of cards, flowers and birthday cake.

"Ninety years old" did you say, Why I never would believe it my dear, For you grow younger every day. As the months slip by each year. As I watch you every morning Out upon the street, With a nod and smile for all Whom you chance to meet, I often wonder why cannot each one Be just as brave as you, And meet life's trials and sorrows With a heart as firm and true.

## SPEAKER ANNOUNCED FOR FIELD DAY

Miss Edna Cobb to Speak at Joint Field Day

All Oxford County women will be delighted to hear that Miss Edna Cobb will be the speaker of the day for the women, August 25th, at the joint Farm Bureau and Grange Field Day to be held at Herman Mason's farm at Bethel. Miss Cobb is well remembered in Oxford County for her splendid work as clothing specialist. She was reappointed this summer as Household Management Specialist and will speak to the Oxford County women on some phase of this subject.

The title of Miss Cobb's talk has not yet been announced, but will appear very soon.

## SHOWER IN HONOR OF MRS. JAMES MACFARLANE

A pleasant surprise shower was given Mrs. James MacFarlane, nee Grace Van Den Kerkhoven, last Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Earle Davis. The evening was spent in playing bridge. Mrs. Harry Brown winning the first prize and Mrs. Wade Thurston the consolation prize.

While refreshments were being served, Mrs. MacFarlane was called to the door where she found a package containing many nice gifts from the assembled friends.

Those present were Mrs. MacFarlane, Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. Winfield Howe, Mrs. Irving Carver, Mrs. Wade Thurston, Mrs. Laurence Lord, Mrs. Myron Bryant, Esther Tyle, Ruth Brown, Fayne Sanborn, Lucie Van Den Kerkhoven and the hostess.

## GROVER HILL

Miss Evelyn Whitman accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich to Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained for a week's visit.

Mrs. Clarence Meserve and Miss Marion Jordan came after Phillips and Philmore Meserve, who have been spending the summer with their aunt, Mrs. M. P. Tyler. They all returned to Mechanic Falls, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Francis Whitman has been a guest in the home of her son, Clyde Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. Almon Tyler and family from West Bethel, with guests enjoyed a picnic at Cobblestone Farm, Sunday.

Mr. May, from Bridgewater, Mass., was a week and guest at N. A. Stearns'.

Miss Ina Potter, from Montreal, who has been attending Gosham Summer School, spent the week end at P. A. Mundy's.

Ernest Mundy was home from South Waterford, Sunday evening.

A. J. Peaslee and Burton Abbott went blueberrying on Bear Mountain Sunday. Miss Clara Jackson and mother from Milton, recently called at N. A. Stearns'.

Mrs. Fred Mundy and nephew Arnon Kentall motored to Cambridge, Mass., Friday night. Monday they returned by the way of the mountains and called on Mr. and Mrs. George Spang in Bethel, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tyler entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ellen Mills of Mason, Sunday.

Miss Rachel Mayberry of Mill Street, spent one day with Mrs. Linnie Abbott, last week.

Winfield Holte, from Northwest Ateneum, is working for M. P. Tyler.

Miss Adelaide Bean who has been visiting relatives at Haverhill, Mass., for several weeks, returned home Monday.

I have been appointed Sealer of Weights and Measures in the towns of Bethel, Mason, Oxbow, Newry and Hanover, and all persons using weights, measures or balances for the purpose of selling goods are hereby notified to bring the same to me to be tested and sealed. WESLEY WHEELER. 15-17

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Lindell Blanchard returned to Abington Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Pulsifer visited Mrs. Adney Gurney Monday.

Miss Pearl Decrow is the guest of Miss Vera Patterson.

Ernest Walker was in Portland Friday and Saturday.

George Glover attended the Glover reunion held at Rumford Sunday.

H. L. Bean and daughter, Edna, were business visitors in Lewiston Friday.

Mrs. Harry Lyon and children were Sunday callers at the Haggood farm.

Charles Bates of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting his cousin, Mrs. Millie Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Austin and son Maynard were in Shelburne Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Mower of Auburn is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bean.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Swan and daughter, Glenyce, spent Sunday at Old Orchard.

J. B. Chapman and family are spending a week's vacation at Hampton Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Savin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bean of Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Crum and niece of New York are guests at Dr. W. R. Chapman's.

Mrs. C. E. Stowell of Locke's Mills was the guest of Mrs. Charles Davis last Thursday.

Miss Frances Baker of Middle Intervale was a guest at Miss Mattie Foster's during Chautauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. James Finney of Dixfield and Mrs. Annie Young were at Orr's Island Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carter of Peabody, Mass., were guests at the home of Ernest Walker Saturday.

Harry Mason returned to Boston Monday after spending a two weeks vacation at his home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Allen are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter August 11th.

Mrs. Charlie Johnson who has been visiting relatives in Portland, returned to Mrs. Sadie Tuell's Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Merrill and daughter Beatrice, are guests of her mother, Mrs. Clifford Henderson of Upton.

Mrs. Wallace Coolidge has been ill with the grippe. Mrs. Minnie Linton assisted with the housework.

H. I. Bean has just unloaded a carload of 240 thousand red cedar shingles shipped from the state of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rand of Auburn were week end guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Rand.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler and Elmira called on Mrs. Lydia Grover and Mrs. Harry Churchill one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Van Den Kerkhoven have a son born August 9. He has been named Eugene A., Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Tyler, Mrs. Lillian Abbott and Beryl Brown, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Tyler and children of Norway spent Sunday at Glen Ellis Falls.

Bert Brown has five trucks hauling gravel from George Haggood's gravel pit to the third class road being built toward Middle Intervale.

Fred A. Hunt of Sylvania, Ohio, Miss Gertrude Hunt of Overland, Ohio, Theodore Hunt and friend of Bridgeport, Conn., visited their brother, Frank Hunt, and sister, Mrs. Guy Rice, in town Monday.

Sunday was a record breaking day for Clough's Camp, Songo Pond, it being estimated that at least 300 people were there during the day. The Norwegian Lutheran Sunday School of Bethel, of about 200 young people also spent Sunday at this popular resort.

Additional Locals on Page 4

Ziba F. Durkee

Ziba F. Durkee passed away at his home in Grand, Tuesday, August 14. Funeral services will be held this (Thursday) afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Daniel Durkee.

RUMFORD BOY DROWNED

Albert Martin, aged 7, of 137 Poncho Street Rumford, was drowned in the Androscoggin River Saturday afternoon, when he slipped on the wet rocks and was carried down stream by the swift current. Peter Sobut, a young art student, saw the accident and jumped into the river but was unable to reach the little boy.

BEAR POND PICNIC

The Boys and Girls Club Picnic will be held at Bear Pond, North Newry, August 17.

All club members are expected to go. Those who have a chance to go will please assist your leader and a chance will be made.

## WEST BETHEL

Jesse Merrill and family of Hudson Falls, N. Y., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westleigh.

J. L. Perry and family were in Bethel Sunday.

Victor Southerland of Marlboro, Mass., was a guest at A. L. Grover's Saturday night.

Kermit Dorr of Rumford has employment at Morrill, Adams Co. mill and boards at Adrian Grover's.

Hazel Grover returned from a three weeks visit in Marlboro, Mass., Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Grover was home from Lewiston Saturday night.

Dean Martin and daughter, Wilma, were in South Paris Saturday.

Mrs. Earl Jordan and Mrs. Ida Pulsifer were in Lewiston Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jordan were called to Portland Thursday by the sudden death of his father, E. N. Jordan.

Mrs. Frances Whitman is spending some time with her son, Evander Whitman and family.

The "Club" met Saturday with Mrs. Edmund Smith.

Warner Kendall of Frye was in town Sunday.

Mrs. Gladys Bean and daughter, Catherine were in Auburn Wednesday to attend the funeral of Fred Fitz.

Miss Gene Tufts of C. M. G. Hospital has been spending several days with her sister, Mrs. Frank Lanier.

Mrs. Guy L. Akers and three children of Weston, Mass., visited Mr. and Mrs. Paul Head recently.

Mrs. Lewis W. Akers and two daughters of Roxbury were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Head on Thursday.

Miss Alice Barker entertained in honor of her niece, Miss Edith Barker of Brooklyn, N. Y., last Thursday evening.

Those present were Mrs. Arthur Barker of Brooklyn, Miss Mabel Chase of Portland, Wesley Patterson of Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Head, Rev. Roger Cleveland, Robert Laws, the guest of honor and the hostess.

Elizabeth Leighton of Gilead and Walter Wheeler of Auburn were united in marriage on Saturday, Aug. 11, at the Union Church. Rev. Roger Cleveland officiated. The church was beautifully decorated with gladioli and other flowers.

Francis Mills is spending a week with friends in Hanover, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilbert and family spent the week end in Colebrook, N. H.

Laura Hutchinson, Mrs. Jennie Hutchinson and son, Gilman, were in Harrison Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Browne and Mr. and Mrs. Hobson of Auburn spent Sunday at Mr. Brown's camp in the "Bog."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kessell and family were in Auburn Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Moxey and family of Waterford spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLean and Miss Louise Hadden of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Foss and family of Cumberland Mills were at Goodridge Cottage Sunday.

Ernest Mason left Monday for Springfield for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Hollis Hutchinson is visiting her parents in Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sutherland of Portland were at Alice Ordway's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Goodridge and daughter, Lois, and Mrs. John Trefethen of Portsmouth, N. H., were callers at E. B. Whitman's Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Somes of Boston and Carl Sutherland of Portland are guests at Alice Ordway's.

## Freeman Haggood

Freeman Haggood of South Waterford was stricken with a shock Friday and went into a state of coma on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. He died on Monday morning at 4 o'clock with out regaining consciousness.

Mr. Haggood was born in Sweden on March 22, 1856 and his boyhood was spent in that town. On April 29, 1881 he married Ida Belle Packard of Greenwood. The first of his married life was spent on a farm on the Sweden road. Moving to his present residence 33 years ago, where Mrs. Haggood died in November, 1925. On June 1, 1922 he married Mrs. Paula McDonald of Waterford, for 14 years he was a cream collector for the Waterford Creamery. Later he took charge of the garage store until it was sold, and since he has run the auto store until struck on Wednesday at 2 p. m. Rev. A. C. Townsend spoke words of comfort. He was laid to rest in Elm Vale Cemetery.

Mr. Haggood is gone from our midst but the happy, pleasant, genial man will be remembered by all, both young and old, for he was one fair, good man and will be missed sadly in our community. No one has sought but good to say of him.

The garage of O. K. Clifford Co. at South Paris was broken into Thursday night and a few cents taken from the cash register. The same place was entered by burglars two weeks previously.

## Shower Given Miss Ruth Hastings

Miss L. M. Stearns and Mrs. Annie Willey gave a most delightful variety shower on Friday evening in honor of Miss Ruth Hastings, who will be married next month to William C. Chapman.

The gifts were presented in a charming and original manner. To the strains of the wedding march, played by Mrs. Willey, little Ned Hastings, as Cupid's messenger, drew in Cupid's express, decked in pink and white and surrounded by a doll bride. Cupid never had a better messenger than little Ned. Dressed in a pink and white suit and pink cap, he recited an original poem, presenting the gifts to his cousin, Ruth. Many lovely gifts of silver, linen and glass were received.

Miss Dorothy Edwards played two piano solos beautifully and Ned Hastings captivated everyone with his recitations. He recited marvelously for a little four year old in a natural and absolutely charming manner.

Mrs. Hugh Thurston assisted the hostesses in serving delicious refreshments of ice cream and cake to the twenty-five guests. The affair came as a complete surprise to Miss Hastings.

## THREE QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

Meeting at Bangor, August 27. Town Chairman Announced

The plan for the Three-Quarter Century Club meeting in Bangor, Monday, Aug. 27, is progressing rapidly. Mrs. Lucia T. Mason, chairman for Oxford County, has appointed the following town chairmen, whose duty it is to secure the names of those who have reached the three-quarter century mark, and report to the county chairman as soon as possible.

Oxford County Town Chairmen  
Albany, Mrs. C. G. Backler; Andover, Mrs. C. A. Bandy; Bethel, Mrs. Guy Thurston; Brownfield, Mrs. Isabel Stickney; Buckfield, Mrs. Amy S. Spaulding; Byron (Roxbury), John Reed; Canton, Mrs. G. L. Wallis; Denmark, Mrs. L. H. Ingalls; Dixfield, Mrs. Melissa L. Brackett; Fryeburg, Frank Woodside; Gilead, Irving Leighton; Greenwood, Mrs. Donald Tabbels (Locke's Mills); Hanover, Mrs. G. F. Saunders; Hartford, Mrs. Laura E. Irish; Hebron, Mrs. H. E. Castello; Liram, Frank E. Stearns; Kezar Falls, E. W. Sawyer; Lovell, Lealie Stearns; Mexico, Leon M. Small; Newry, L. E. Wright; Norway and Paris, Kiwanis Club; Oxford, Dr. E. B. Holden; Peru, Frank McGouldrick; Porter, Orman L. Stanley; Rumford, Richard I. Peterson; Stoneham, Miss Minnie Littlefield; Stow, Frank P. Bickford; Sumner, Miss Augusta Eastman (East Sumner); Sweden, D. W. Moulton (Harrison, R. F. D. 4); Waterford, Ralph B. Knight (North Waterford); Woodstock, G. W. Q. Perham (Bryant's Pond); Upton, Mrs. Jennie Judkins.

Most Maine crops promise average yields on August 1 according to the report released by the Maine Department of Agriculture. Fruit crops are not as good as those of last year but potatoes, due largely to an increased acreage, promise slightly increased production over last year and the average.

Maine potatoes are now expected to total 38,700,000 bushels compared with 37,288,000 bushels last year and 36,988,000 bushels the 1923-1927 average. All the other New England states except New Hampshire and Vermont show slightly better potato prospects than last year but crops below the average.

For New England the forecast as of August 1 is 47,953,000 bushels compared with 45,599,000 bushels harvested last year and 47,349,000 bushels the five year average. Although the present forecast of the crop in New England is good, the excessive rainfall of the past three months may be expected to affect final yields adversely. Moderate yields have been forecast on this account.

Commercial apple prospects in Maine are for a crop below that of last year and the average. All varieties reported on show prospects lower than last year and two years ago with McIntosh and Goding particularly light. Production is forecast at 409,939 barrels compared with 435,000 barrels harvested last year and 538,000 barrels the five year average. For New England as a whole, commercial production is expected to total 1,661,000 barrels compared with 1,645,000 barrels last year and 1,922,000 barrels the five year average.

Maine feed crops are in excellent condition and give promise of good yields. Hay is particularly good, the condition of which is rated at 87% and production at 1,607,000 tons compared with 1,545,000 tons last year and 1,503,000 tons the five year average. Corn with a condition of 81% gives promise of a crop slightly better than last year but about average. Oat production is expected to total 5,012,000 bushels compared with 4,773,000 bushels harvested last year and 5,079,000 bushels the five year average.

REPUBLICAN WHIRLWIND TOUR

Following is the itinerary of the Republican whirlwind tour of Oxford County Tuesday, August 21:

Dixfield, 7:30 A. M.; Peru, 8:00; Canton, 8:30; Hartford, 9:15; Buckfield, 9:45; East Sumner, 9:45; Buckfield, 10:30; Hebron, 11:30; South Paris, 12:30; West Paris, 1:30 P. M.; Bryant's Pond, 2:15; Locke's Mills, 2:45; East Stoneham, 3:30; North Lovell, 4:00; Lovell Village, 4:30; Waterford Flat, 5:15; Norway, 6:00.

The party will include Senator Hale, Col. Gardner, Congressman White, Mr. Field, Mrs. Mason and the county candidates.

year average crop. Pastures are rated at 85%. For all New England feed crops and pastures are in good condition.

Potato prospects for the United States have improved in most sections except the northeastern states. The outlook on August 1 is for a crop of 45,737,000 bushels compared with 46,664,000 bushels last year and 35,566,000 bushels the 1923-1927 average. Fruit crops are developing about as was expected last month. A nearly average apple crop and large crops of peaches, pears and grapes are being harvested or are expected. The August 1 forecast of commercial apples is 33,377,000 barrels compared with 23,999,000 barrels last year and 32,443,000 barrels the five year average. The agricultural production is placed at 179,070,000 bushels.

The condition of corn in the United States improved to 82.3% and forecasts a production of 3,039,000,000 bushels or a 9% increase over last year's final estimate of production. The corn crop prospects are unusually good in the North Central states and especially in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. The United States wheat crop estimate on August 1 of 391 million bushels is slightly larger than that of a month ago and compares with 378 million bushels last year and 337 million bushels the five year average. The condition of oats has improved greatly during the past month and now forecasts a production of 1,442 million bushels. The expected production this year is larger than that of last year and the average. Hay prospects are better than a month ago but below both the 1927 and average crops.

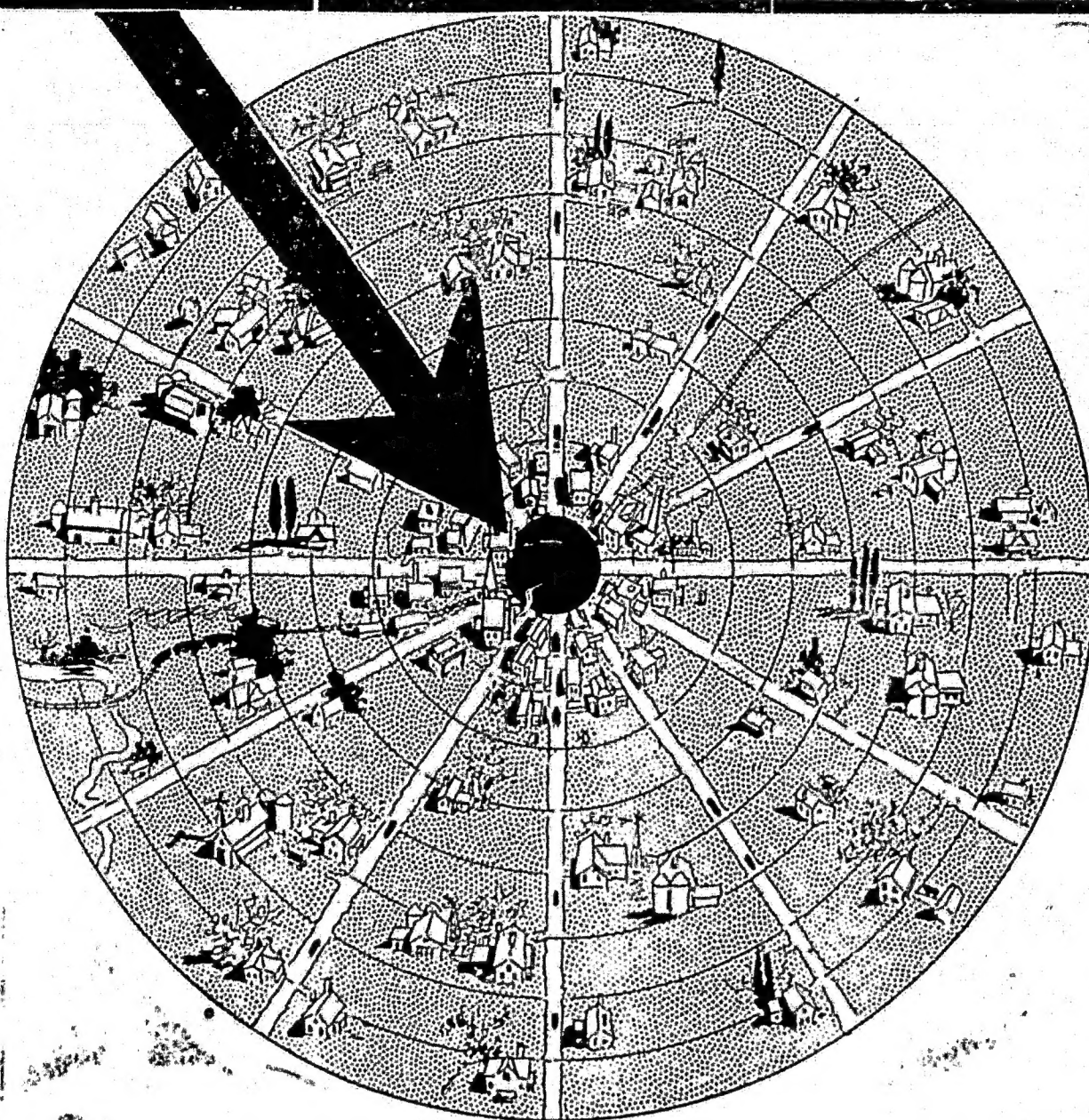
C. D. STEVENS  
O. BURMISTER  
Statisticians







# OUR HOME TOWN



The Center of our business and our social activities—The place we call home.

Are we doing, day by day, the many things we should do to make this town of ours an even better place in which to live--

Do we assume our share of civic responsibility ?  
Do we always put our best foot forward  
Do we boost our home town to outsiders

Do we meet adversity with a smile ?  
Do we trade with home merchants  
Do we pay our bills promptly

Folks, when we can all answer "YES" to these few questions, then, and not until then, will we be on the road toward a bigger and better BETHEL.

The Following Business and Professional Interests Stand Ready to Serve You and Bethel

<b>J. P. BUTTS HARDWARE STORE</b> Hardware, Paints Oils and Varnishes Atlantic Ranges and Heaters	<b>EDW. P. LYON</b> Store of Many Gifts FANCY DRY GOODS JEWELRY and SILVERWARE Agent for ATWATER KENT Radio	<b>ROWE'S</b> Dry Goods — Clothing Men's Furnishings Shoes Trunks and Suit Cases	<b>CENTRAL SERVICE STATION</b> GOODYEAR TIRES Public Car with or without Driver
<b>BEAN &amp; FOX CO.</b> General Merchandise	<b>ROY C. MOORE</b> Flour, Grain and Feeds Wirthmore Dairy and Poultry Feeds Larro Dairy Feed Tel. 134	We have a new line of Silk Dresses, in Flat Crepe and Georgette, which we are selling at a wonderfully low price. <b>L. M. STEARNS</b>	<b>BETHEL NATIONAL BANK</b> BETHEL, MAINE Make This Bank Your Center
<b>HERRICK BROS. CO.</b> Ford Sales and Service Fisk and Firestone Tires	<b>BOSSERMAN'S DRUG STORE</b> Save Your Vacation with a KODAK. Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up	<b>BECKLER'S TEA ROOM</b> Lunches and Gifts	<b>ALLEN'S SHOE STORE</b> SHOES and HOSIERY
<b>J. B. HAM CO.</b> Flour, Grain, Feed and Cement HAMCO DAIRY FEEDS Full line of Grandin and Park & Pollard Dairy and Poultry Feeds Tel. 38	<b>THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN</b> Printing for Particular People —like You	<b>SAM'S FRUIT STORE</b> Wholesale—Retail Fruits Confectionery Ice Cream We aim to please	<b>H. I. BEAN</b> Building Material of All Kinds. High Grade Shingles a Specialty
<b>BETHEL SAVINGS BANK</b> BETHEL, MAINE Put Your Money in a Mutual Savings Bank	<b>EAT</b> at <b>FARWELL &amp; WIGHT'S</b>	<b>WALTER E. BARTLETT</b> General Insurance Best of Service Guaranteed	<b>ROBERTSON'S SERVICE STATION</b> Colonial, Colonial Ethyl, Valvoline GASOLINE Mobiloil, Valvoline Oil and Pennsoll WASHING — POLISHING



# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher  
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.  
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

## DO YOU—

This is a community in which each one of us is expected to do his share toward making it a better place in which to live.  
Each member of the community should take an active interest in all local affairs. Each member should vote on election day. Each member should take part in every meeting where community developments are being discussed.  
It is only through such whole-hearted cooperation that we can hope to build up and hold the future growth of this community at a mark of which we may feel proud.  
If you have been shirking even a small part of your civic duty in the past, make up your mind right now that for your own good as well as for the greater welfare of the community that you will do your full share in the future.

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Harry Jordan was in Portland Thursday.

D. H. Mason was a recent guest at his home here.

Richard Kneeland is working at the Robertson Service Station.

Miss Elsie Chapin returned Friday from Orono Normal School.

Tom Brown is enjoying a vacation from his work at Rowe's store.

Mrs. Cora Aron is ill at the St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland.

H. I. Bean has six grades of Cedar planks on hand. Get your pack, etc.

Ernest Allen and family of Yarmouth were visitors at H. E. Jordan's Sunday.

Gertrude Leavitt of Portland is spending a week with Mrs. Helen Barlow.

Archie Talbot recently won a prize of five dollars for a contribution to the Film Fun.

Dr. Twaddle's buildings are very attractive as a result of exterior repairs and a coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kelley of Norcross, Mass., were guests at Herman Robertson's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodgdon from Newry Falls spent the week with the family at Bates.

True Kania is confined to his bed following a shock which he suffered a number of weeks ago.

Mrs. Patrick O'Brien and daughter, Patricia, are visiting Mrs. O'Brien's mother in Winchester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. King and daughter Elizabeth of Norridgewock were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown and Mrs. E. L. Brown were in Portland, Friday. Herman Robertson drove for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blake, Mrs. Walter Blake and Mrs. Arthur Blake were in Bethel last Thursday to visit Mrs. O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler and daughter, Elvira, were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Haggard and family.

Mrs. Margaret Jackson and two children of Norridgewock, Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jackson.

Mrs. Mary Handy of East River, N. Y., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Eugene A. Van Den Kerkhof, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marcellano returned to Bethel Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhof accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf Carlson and three children arrived Monday for a visit with Mrs. Carlson's mother, Mrs. Nedra Tarril.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jordan, Mrs. Patterson and Miss Chase of Lewiston were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jordan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ray of Jerseyport called on Mrs. Gertrude Minkley Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Ray are enjoying a vacation.

Myron Leavitt, Walter Bartlett and Harold King, with a party from Bethel's Fair, were down on Saturday at Yarmouth Sunday.

After some hot days of rainy and cloudy weather, the hot sun has been here for some time and many farmers who have not started hay making

## THE FUR SALES ARGUMENT

—Georgiana H. Thomson

Anne was thinking of buying a fur coat, and had asked me to come with her to look over a likely purchase. The salesgirl held out the luxurious wrap and Anne slipped into it, drawing it close about her.  
"You see," said the salesgirl, "Only the best of the fur has been used. Each of these strips was an animal." I looked over the garment with a sudden sickening. Each little strip an animal, and there were hundreds of them!

A dimness came over my eyes, and the fashionable fur shop faded and receded. I was out on the high bank of a stream, with the rolling prairie in its brown autumn dress, stretching far away to a smoke-dimmed horizon. The wind swept over me with a tang of autumn, sweet to the senses, with just a hint of frost to come. Far below me flowed a sluggish stream, not a ripple to show that there was motion at all—but yes, there was a ripple, a V-shaped ripple, that gradually elongated itself as the head of it forged on and on. I watched that little brown head intently and knew it to be that of a muskrat. On it went, a little animated speck in the dull, still water. Once it dove, alarmed by something I could not see, but I saw it come up again at some distance off and continue its course. Whether it was out for a little pleasure jaunt, or pursuing some important errand, I could not say. But it seemed a joyous little entity of life, there in the sluggish, meandering stream, on the brown, wind-swept prairie, that just to remember it brought a thrill of independence to my own heart.

Every strip an animal! What was the intermediate stage? Who concealed the trap there in the cool rushes? And when the cruel jaws had snapped on the little furry creature, how many hours did it linger in agony before a blow stilled the tiny, wild heart?  
Every strip an animal! I do not envy Anne her coat now. I think I can never wear fur again.

—Our Dumb Animals

At a recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, Natick, Conn., \$25 was voted for the purpose of advertising Natick in Hartford, Springfield and New York papers.

A reception to Capt. Henry W. Lyon is planned, to be held at Paris next Saturday. The tentative plans include a parade through the streets of South Paris and Norway and exercises at Paris Hill. Capt. Lyon is expected to come to Paris by airplane.

The Cambridge Tribune, Cambridge, Mass., has devoted its fifth anniversary issue to the Cambridge of the future. Many articles dealing with the progressive activities of organizations working for the welfare of the city and of New England are included.

A bear which was confined in a cage at a gas station in a Massachusetts town, made his escape and the owner or attendant of the gas station, in his attempt to capture it and return it to captivity, was killed by the infuriated animal. Somehow our sympathies are with the bear. Maine has a law which did away with the old custom of the dozing bear and which forbade anyone travelling through the country carrying one of these animals. It should have a law prohibiting the confinement and display of all three wild animals as wayside eating resorts, for we know nothing more pathetic than to see one of them pacing back and forth within its narrow confines while the curious crowd looks on and gloats.—The Burlington News.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Arsenault are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, August 11th. The little one has been named Joseph Tilmon.

Has examined, glasses furnished by E. L. Grosvenor, Optician, over E. L. Bates, Saturdays only. Evening appointments may be made.

Mrs. Wilbert Baker, who recently underwent an operation for the removal of tonsils at the St. Barnabas Hospital, Woodville is improving in health.

Mrs. Frank Hunt and baby and Mrs. Archie Young and baby spent last Wednesday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Linton, West Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Coolidge of East Bethel and Mrs. Ella Tracy and children, Donald and Pearl, of Bethel, were recent callers at Wallace Coolidge's.

Mrs. Gertrude Minkley, Miss Mary Chapman and W. L. Chapman were guests of relatives on an auto trip to Farmington, Hiram's Mills, Livermore Falls and Canton Sunday.

Leslie Davy, Earl Davis, Laurie Tarril, Allen Tarril, Robert Barber, Wallace Wheeler, Archie Young and E. B. Rogers were members of a very successful deep sea fishing expedition at Otter's Island Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robertson and daughter of New York and Mrs. M. P. O. Robertson and two sons are spending a week at Wright Brook Camps North Newry.

**E. L. WATKINS CO.**  
CLEANERS  
Portland, Maine  
Agency at  
ROWE'S, BETHEL

## Vikings of the Air

From "The Nation", April 25, 1928

When Eric the Red, father of that Liek Ericson, who first among white men discovered America, set sail from Iceland in the year 985 with twenty-five open ships, his veins must have throbbled with much the same blood as a thousand years later, pulsed in the bodies of Aleck and Brown, of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd and Levine, of Coli and Nungesser, Costes and Lebrun and of Ehrenfried von Huenefeld, James Fitzmaurice and Herman Koehl.

Only fourteen of Eric's twenty-five ships ever reached Greenland; and fifteen men and three women have died within a year in the attempt to bridge the Atlantic by fragile airplanes. The world has forgotten the men who grumbled, "Suicide," when Eric shouted to his men to pull on their oars and to will soon forget the grumblers of today. More men and women will lose their lives and hundreds of others will vainly endeavor for the chance to risk their lives before transatlantic flying becomes as safe as steamship travel is today. But the job will be done; and when it is done, we shall honor dead heroes, but shall no more begrudge them than we begrudge the martyrs who perished when sails and oars were discovering new coasts across the sea. Who would not rather have died with Bruce Goldsborough than live to be a garage mechanic at a crossroads?

Possibly a few score men saw Eric start, still fewer, probably, ever heard of his safe colonization of Greenland. The story of his son Liek's discovery of the North American Continent was so little known, that it was forgotten for centuries. But in 1928 the streets of Berlin and Dublin and New York were black with anxious crowds waiting for news of the fliers; and the bulletins of their success were rushed to print in the newspapers of ten thousand cities, scattered over all the five continents of the globe. They bridged with airplanes an ocean that had already been bridged with ships, cables, radiotelegraphy and wireless telephones. The upper air, and the Antarctic icecap, and the bottom of the sea are still worthy of explorers, but the planet on which we dwell has shrunk to pretty, familiar proportions since Liek Ericson sailed an uncharted sea for lands undreamed of.

Eric the Red's men hunted Eskimos; and perhaps the Eskimos were responsible for the disappearance of the Norse colonization which flourished for five centuries after Eric's day in Greenland—no one knows. The world he lived in had not yet learned even to talk of the equality of man. Von Huenefeld, Ehrenfried and Koehl dropped onto Greenland sure that wherever lived there would share with them whatever food and warmth might be at hand. They could not have landed on unfriendly soil. And their flight will lead Germany, Ireland, Canada and the United States closer together.

But we are still partial in our vision of flying. England recalls that Aleck and Brown were first to fly across the Atlantic; the United States can hardly recall beyond the mighty shadow of Lindbergh, Germany and Ireland today think only of this first East to West passage; and France is too busy celebrating the return of Costes and Levine to spare much attention for the German fliers. Each of the national heroes is worthy of all praise; but each nation is still a little blind in celebrating its own. Costes and Lebrun, for instance, have never had in this country the prestige they deserve. These men have already flown their plane to Europe and back, to Persia and back, to Africa and back, from Paris, before they set out to circle the globe. They have flown as practically in a straight line as Lindbergh himself, from Paris to Algeria, across the Sahara Desert to St. Louis on the west coast of Africa; across the South Atlantic to Brazil; they have touched all South and Central America; have winged their way from London to the United States; then they packed their plane on an ocean liner, and, reassembling it in Japan, sped in six days from Japan across China, Indonesia, Malaysia, India, Persia, Arabia, Greece and Italy, home to Paris—a world tour more remarkable even than that of our own Brock and Bertha. But because they were Frenchmen we have not given them in this country half the applause we gave Roth Elder and George Haldeman for having safely into the sea lands a Dutch tanker off the Azores. Provincialism is not dead.

Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Irishmen, sons of the Vikings, Jew, Italian, plain Yankee—race after race has proved its skill and valor in the air. The Japanese may yet be the first to fly straight across the Pacific, and a negro may, in this day and generation follow.

There is of course a certain madness in the game. The newspaper headlines, assuredly, was not matched in the Viking's day; but the gambling competition for fame and money, after all, is not so totally different from the hope of profitable real estate which sent Eric to Greenland or the lust for gold which spurred Columbus and his Spanish followers across the dangerous sea. Intuitively, we had three men who too dangerously. The world is a bit sick of safety, and sick, we hope, of danger found only in threatening danger to others. It forces the stories of old Vikings and of the men who first set sail in unknown seas; it forces these Vikings of the air. And it is right.

The strong men choose one time and stick to it. The weak man shifts from place to place.

## SOUTH BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brooks and three children, from Milton, visited his brother, Frank Brooks and family, one day last week.

Mrs. Joseph Leonard and daughter, Mrs. Mont Brown, were at Bethel recently.

Charles Larabee is boarding at Henry Hall's.

Charles Mason, Henry Hall, Alfred Mason and Charles Knight are working for Frank Brooks a few days at East Bethel, cutting wood.

Roderick Hartborne from Newport, R. I., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartborne. He has a twelve day vacation.

Henry Hall and family are enjoying a visit from two of his sisters who have come from Alaska, recently.

Robley Chase was at home from Andover, Saturday.

Annie Smith is doing the housework at the home of Ernest Mason.

Frank Brooks and Charles Mason were at Year Bean's on Chandler Hill, Sunday.

Harry Isaacson of Auburn was in town recently.

Cover your roof with good Cedar Shingles and sleep nights. Talk with H. I. Bean.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason and two children, Vera and Alice, visited Mr. Brooks' sister, Mrs. Albert Felt and family at Woodstock, Sunday afternoon. They also visited his other sister, Mrs. Henry Noyce and family at Richardson Hollow, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Walter Yeargle and daughter, Ethel, and sons, Stanley and Clyde, were at Bryant Pond one evening last week.

Mrs. Maud Dunton, Armas Smith and daughter Marguerite from Bellows Falls, Vermont, visited at the home of Frank Brooks, Wednesday evening. They were called here by the death of Mrs. Dunton's and Mr. Smith's mother, Emma Smith. The remains were brought from Bellows Falls. Burial was in the cemetery at South Bethel.

Some people are lucky enough to have finished haying, but those that haven't will be a long while finishing unless we have less rain and more sunshine.

Ernest Mason was at home over the week from his brother's, Robert Sanborn's.

## SUNDAY RIVER

Miss Ruth Kendall and Mrs. Wilkins from Cambridge, Mass. were expected to arrive Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Bennett and three children from Gilead have been visiting relatives in this section. She spent several days with Mrs. Robert Foster recently.

See H. I. Bean for Red Cedar Shingles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edville Royce and Miss Priscilla and Edville Royce from Kingston, N. H., spent the week end with Mrs. Royce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Golden Foster. Sunday they all motored to Livermore Falls.

Mrs. Robert Bean is in Bethel for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase and three children called at Robert Foster's Sunday evening.

**EAST STONEHAM**  
The Church Fair which was to have been held August 9, was postponed until Thursday, August 16.

Several from this place went to No. Lovell Thursday evening to the circus supper, which was served by members of the summer colony from Upper Keweenaw Lake. They were over three hundred people who enjoyed the very nice supper.

Ben Brown of Center Lovell, who some time ago purchased land around Allen Trout Pond, in Stoneham, is putting a road through from E. E. Allen's residence to the pond. In the fall he will stock the pond with 15,000 trout, nine inches in length. He will also start the building of a fine Club House there soon.

Miss of New York, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Machum.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett and son, Melvin, Jr., have been enjoying the past week at Keweenaw Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grover of Welchville were at their home here over the week end.

Miss Emma Brown was in Norway last Monday doing some shopping.

Miss Elizabeth Dudley of Farmington, N. H., visited friends in this place Sunday.

S. W. Johnson and son, Roy, are doing mason work in Fryeburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews and family of Bryant Pond were guests at Percy Grover's, Sunday.

## Mayville, Bethel

Arthur Ladd is going to finish haying for the Misses Susie and Florence Twitchell.

Miss Alma Smith was a recent visitor in town.

William and Allen Thurston of Auburn are making a short visit, with their grandfather, R. B. Thurston.

Mrs. E. E. Bennett, Mrs. Arthur Ladd and Mrs. Philip Chapman attended the practice meeting at Naccomi Temple Monday evening.

Mrs. A. F. Chapman had the misfortune to fall down stairs and bruise her face quite badly one day last week.

Mrs. Wallace Warren and family called on her mother, Mrs. N. S. Godwin, last Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Brown, Misses Ruth Brinck and Helen Parker called on Mrs. H. S. Godwin one day last week.

Everyone is making hay now that the sun shines in this section.

Ernest Richardson, who has been working for Henry Godwin, has completed his duties for the present time and returned to his home at Rumford Center.

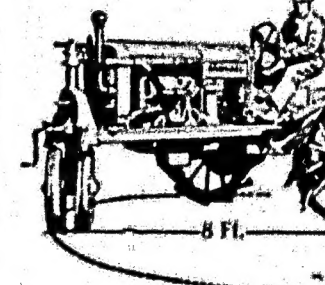
Harry Bryant and family of Flagstaff were in town Sunday.

Keep out evil thoughts; perhaps you cannot keep a bird from flying over your head but you can prevent its building a nest in your hair.

**RINSO, PICKLES**  
Sweet, Sweet Mixed, Qt. jar 33c  
Dill, Sour, Sour Mixed, Qt. jar 29c  
JAM, 2 15 1/2 oz. jars 35c  
Puffed Rice, 2 pkgs. 27c  
Puffed Wheat, 2 pkgs. 23c  
GOLD DUST, Lge. pkg. 23c  
Heinz Rice Flakes, 2 pkgs. 23c  
Angelus Marshmallows, lb. 35c  
CHEESE, white or colored, lb. 33c  
Jar Rings, 3 pkgs. 25c  
Paraffin, Gulfwax, pkg. 9c  
Macaroni, Spaghetti or Noodles, 4 pkgs. 25c

**FLOUR IS CHEAPER**  
Gold Medal & Pillsbury's, 1.19  
A&P Family, 1.05  
A&P Pastry, .99  
SUGAR, lb. 6c

**The Great A & P Tea Co.**  
C. W. LAMB, Mgr.

  
8 Ft.

**The FARMALL**  
All-Year  
All-Crop  
All-Purpose

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Radio and Music

BETHEL - - - MAINE

**Fred S. Brown**  
Dry Goods - Garments - Kitchenware

**Annual Green Tag Sale**

This is our regular mid-summer clearance sale of all odd lots--all spring garments--any over-stock items--in fact, it's a general house cleaning sale for us and money saving sale for you.

**7000**

**7000**

**7000**

**7000**

**7000**

**7000**

**7000**

## Better bend than break.

**PUFFED WHEAT,** 2 pkgs. 23c  
**PUFFED RICE,** 2 pkgs. 27c  
**SUPER-SUDS,** 3 pkgs. 25c  
Mazola, Qt. 49c. Pt. 25c

Preserves, Raspberry or Strawberry 16 oz. jar 23c  
Red Salmon, Tall can 28c  
Malt Extract, Lge. 3 lb. can 69c  
**GRAPEFRUIT,** No. 2 can 21c  
**SEALPAK BEANS,** Lge. can 17c  
Graham Crackers, 2 lbs. 35c  
Auntie's Blueberries, 3 jars 95c. Jar 32c

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Where New England Buys Its Food  
N. H. Hall, Mgr.

**Y OUR**  
Personal Problem!

TODAY more than ever before opportunities will be presented to those who can qualify with:

Brains — Brawn  
and Money

Have you equipped yourself?

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It's also your best friend in time of need.

This is your individual problem and important to you.

How are you taking care of it?

This Bank is ready to co-operate and help you prepare.

Come in to see us without delay.

**THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK**  
Bethel, Maine

Ernest M. Walker, Pres.  
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Place Your Order for Your Printing To-Day at the Citizen Office.

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**CALL AND SEE THE NEW MAJESTIC Radio Set**

**CROCKETT'S GARAGE**

Bill Repairing Autos  
Nice Light Workbench

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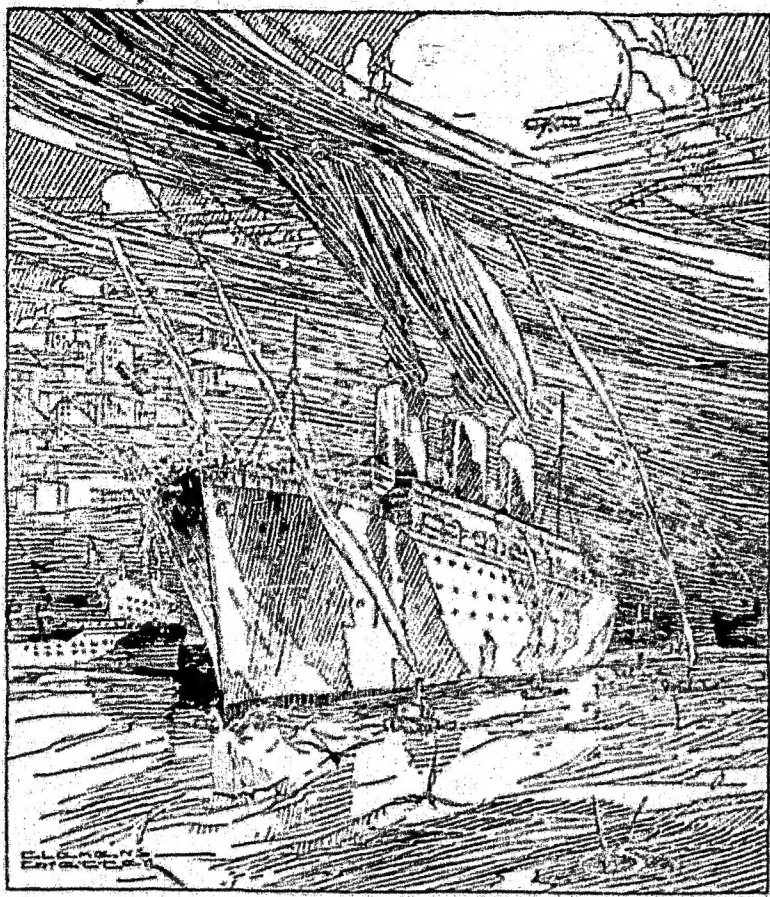
**CALL AND SEE THE NEW MAJESTIC Radio Set**



### Maine Fair Dates

Aug. 20-23, Eastern Maine State Fair, Bangor; Benj. W. Blanchard, Bangor.  
 Aug. 21-23, Androscoggin County Agricultural, Livermore Falls; Charles D. Dyke, Livermore Falls.  
 Aug. 21-23, Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural, Gorham; P. E. Moulton, Gorham.  
 Undecided, West Kennebunk Grange, Kennebunk; Amos R. Boyden, Kennebunk.  
 Aug. 25, Piscataquis Valley Fair, Dover-Foxcroft; F. W. Mason, Dover-Foxcroft.  
 Aug. 30-31, North Franklin Agricultural, Phillips; H. W. Worthley, Phillips.  
 Aug. 29-30, Androscoggin Valley Agricultural, Canton; D. A. Bilsbee, Canton.  
 Aug. 28-30, Hancock County Fair, Ellsworth; T. F. Robinson, Ellsworth.  
 Aug. 28-30, Houlton Agricultural, O. A. Hodgkins, Houlton.  
 Aug. 31, Central Maine Fair, Waterville; J. Frank Goodrich, Waterville.  
 Undecided, Goodwins Mills Grange Fair, Dayton; E. M. Jerreson, R. 4, Biddeford.  
 Sept. 3-5, New Belfast Fair, H. C. Buzzell, Belfast.  
 Sept. 3-5, South Kennebunk, Windsor.  
 Sept. 3-5, Bluehill Fair, E. G. Williams, Bluehill.  
 Sept. 3-5, South Kennebunk Fair, South Windsor; A. N. Douglas, R. 9, Gardiner.  
 Sept. 3-6, Maine State Fair, Lewiston; J. S. Butler, Lewiston.  
 Sept. 4-5, Unity Park, Unity; C. W. Taylor, Unity.  
 Sept. 4-6, Northern Maine Fair, Presque Isle; Clayton H. Steele, Presque Isle.  
 Sept. 4-6, North Penobscot Agricultural, Springfield; L. R. Averill, Prentiss.  
 Sept. 8, Guilford Athletic, Guilford; R. D. Pearson, Guilford.  
 Sept. 11-12, Kennebunk County Fair, Readfield; E. E. Peacock, Wayne.  
 Sept. 11-12, Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural, Monroe; George A. Palmer, Monroe.  
 Sept. 11-13, Oxford County Agricultural, South Paris; W. O. Frothingham, South Paris.  
 Sept. 11-13, Penobscot and Piscataquis Fair, Exeter; Carl R. Smith, Exeter.  
 Sept. 12-13, Eden Agricultural, Salisbury Cove; George P. Fogg, Halls Cove.  
 Undecided, Norridgewock Agricultural, Roland E. Everett, Norridgewock.  
 Sept. 15, Solon Agricultural, Joseph Matson, Solon.  
 Sept. 18, Greene Town Fair.  
 Sept. 18-19, Cumberland Farmers' Club, West Cumberland; H. H. York, Walcutt Hill.  
 Sept. 18-19, Saint Georges Agricultural, Montville; E. B. Bean, Thorndike.  
 Sept. 18-20, Franklin County Agricultural, Farmington; Frank E. Knowlton, Farmington.  
 Sept. 18-20, Washington County Agricultural, Machias; J. L. Andrews, Jonesboro.  
 Sept. 22, Embden Agricultural, Embden; Grant Wilham, Embden.  
 Sept. 22, Parkman Agricultural, Parkman; Ruel W. Kimball, Parkman.  
 Undecided, Somerset Agricultural, Anson; C. O. Flanders, Madison.  
 Sept. 25-26, Wescumset Valley Fair, Athens; W. A. Dore, Athens.  
 Sept. 25-27, Cherryfield Fair, W. O. Menas, Machias.  
 Sept. 25-27, New Gloucester and Danville Fair, New Gloucester; C. H. Mc Cann, New Gloucester.  
 Sept. 25-27, North Knox Fair, Union; H. L. Grinnell, Union.  
 Sept. 26, Cochenewagon Agricultural, Monmouth; W. E. Reynolds, Monmouth.  
 Sept. 26, Waterboro Grange Fair, Waterboro; M. E. Ricker, Waterboro.  
 Sept. 26-27, North Oxford Agricultural, Andover; R. L. Thurston, Andover.  
 Sept. 27, Richmond Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, Richmond; Margaret Peabody, Richmond.  
 Undecided, Green Town Fair, W. L. Mower, Greens.  
 Oct. 23, Litchfield Farmers' Club, Ernest M. Lapham, R. 17, Litchfield.  
 Oct. 24, Lincoln County Fair, Danvers; Ed. H. Denney, Jr. Danvers.  
 Oct. 24, Shapleigh and Acton Agricultural, Acton; F. E. Young, Emery Mills.  
 Oct. 24, West Oxford Agricultural, Fryeburg; Olive L. Goldthwaite, Fryeburg.  
 Oct. 24, Tranquility Grange Agricultural, Lincolnville Center; Bertrand Eugley, Lincolnville.  
 Oct. 4, Leeds Agricultural, Leeds Center; L. G. Parker, South Leeds.  
 Oct. 9-11, Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural, Topsham; E. C. Patten, Topsham.  
 Nov. 30-25, Maine State Pomological, Portland; E. L. White, Bowdoinham.  
 Nov. 30-25, Androscoggin Poultry and Fat Stock, Lewiston; H. O. Crowley, Auburn.

### American History Puzzle Picture



An American camouflaged transport ship leaving New York on its way across the Atlantic with American soldiers. Find a sailor.

#### WEST PARIS

Mrs. Evie Jorgensen and son Hans of New York are guests of her brother, Guy A. Smith, and family.  
 Mrs. Mattie Tuell of Melrose, Mass., is visiting relatives and friends in town.  
 Mrs. Clara Ridlon motored to Hartford, Friday with her niece, Mrs. Helen Babier, and Leslie Mayhew of South Paris, to visit her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Lang, who has suffered a third shock.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Guy A. Smith motored to Bath by the way of Augusta and Brunswick, going also to Portland and Old Orchard, on Sunday, Aug. 5.  
 Mrs. Clara Ridlon was the guest of Mrs. Abner H. Mann, Thursday, at Bryant Pond.  
 Miss Elizabeth Hollis has been visiting friends at Sumner.  
 Margaret S. Lane has returned to the Massachusetts General Hospital after a three week's visit with her mother, Mrs. Mabel Lane.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Prince of Auburn and Mrs. Laura Houghton, also of Auburn were recent callers at Mrs. Annie Willis.  
 Frank P. McKenney is in a serious condition of health. Miss Minnie Graves, R. N., of Lewiston is the nurse.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Ellingwood of Auburn were here recently to visit him.  
 Chester Buck is at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin have returned home from Sanford.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Emery have been at camp at Indian Pond.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Dinham have been entertaining their granddaughter, Esther Dunham, of Dixfield.

#### NORTHWEST BETHEL

We are all pleased to know that we are to have a new school house in this district.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Schofield of Weston, Mass., called on Mrs. Floyd Coolidge one day recently.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown and family of Norway and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott of Auburn were at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Sunday.  
 Miss Alice Willis of Bethel, spent the week end with her niece, Mrs. H. A. Skillings.  
 Miss Myrtle Wilson is working in the office at Herick's garage.

#### RUMFORD POINT

Deferred  
 Mrs. Harold Brock of Limerick was a visitor the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walker.  
 F. G. Eames is painting his house.  
 The Ladds are having at their farm in Bethel.

#### LAKEWOOD ITEMS

Work on Arthur Byron's cottage at Lakewood is being rushed to completion in an effort to finish it within a few weeks. It will have a large living room, kitchen, seven bedrooms and two baths. Beneath the cottage will be ample space for storing the famous actor's fleet of "pumpkin seeds." An old-fashioned "house-warming" will be given to dedicate it.

Next week The Lakewood Players will revive Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous play, "The Dawn of Tomorrow," with Nydia Westman and a tremendous cast of well known players. Miss Westman is making her Lakewood debut this week in the original role of her last Broadway success, "Two Girls Wanted," and the captivating young star is winning a host of friends and admirers.

New arrivals are joining The Lakewood Players daily in preparation for the extended season at the theatrical resort. Production of plays will continue until October first, probably inter depending greatly upon weather conditions. October is generally Maine's most perfect month and the additional company of Broadway notables will keep Lakewood entertainment at its high standard of perfection. The Presidential election is making Broadway producers somewhat wary of rushing plays into New York until after the fall in business conditions has passed, and Director Howard Lindsay is taking advantage of postponed productions to send a fresh company of prominent Broadway players to Lakewood.

New members of The Lakewood Players who are among those to be seen in the long east of "The Dawn of Tomorrow" include Thurston Hall, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Phillips, Harold Vermilyea, John D. Harrington who returns to the east after an absence of several weeks, John Paul Lewis and several others whose names will be announced shortly.

### SMITH WILL ENFORCE LAW, IF ELECTED

Statement by Frederick W. Smith at Old Orchard, Tuesday

"We believe that if Al Smith is elected to the presidency of the United States he will enforce the prohibitory laws of the land so long as there are such laws to enforce, but if he is elected, we do not think that they will be there long to enforce," said Frederick W. Smith, superintendent of the Christian Civic League of Maine to the Women's Christian Temperance Union meeting at Old Orchard, Tuesday. "We believe that Al Smith will follow the same policy that he followed as Governor of the State of New York. When he was elected to that high office, there stood upon the statute books of that state, the Mullen-Gage Act, by which the State of New York pledged itself to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment in keeping with the second section of that amendment which says that the states shall have concurrent power to enforce the provisions of the amendment. However, Governor Smith was not long in office before a bill was presented to wipe out the Mullen-Gage Act and Governor Smith signed that bill destroying the concurrence of the State of New York in the enforcement of prohibition. No longer was it possible for that state to assist in the enforcement of prohibition in the way that it should."

"It is a foolish thing for the Governor of New York to say now that the states ought to have the right to say what shall or shall not be recognized as prohibition and to plead for a change under the guise of 'states rights'. The State of New York under the leadership of Al Smith abrogated its enforcement of prohibition when it repealed the Mullen-Gage Act. If Governor Smith is sincere let him now put it back upon the statute books and pledge New York to its fulfillment of its rights as a state."

"We believe that the election of Al Smith would be the greatest calamity that could happen to this country, for we know from his own statements that it is his opinion that this law should be drastically changed—this law that has done more to advance happiness in the homes and prosperity in business than any other law placed upon the statute books of this nation. No wonder that General Motors relieves its leaders who are fighting against prohibition. General Motors can see a slump in business when credit is destroyed by booze and alcohol bought instead of gasoline."

"Yes, Al Smith will enforce the law, but we do not think it will be there long to enforce after he is elected—if he is."

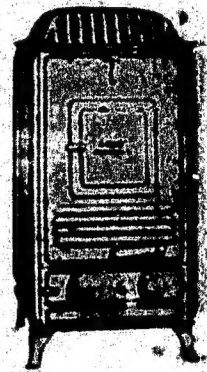


## This way to the Free Coal

THE MEMBERSHIP list of the 7th Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club is growing fast. And no wonder! For a deposit of \$2 makes you a member—puts you down for a free half ton of coal—insures early delivery of a Heatrola this fall. Of course the \$2 fee is applied on the purchase price of the Heatrola, and payments can be completed on easy, convenient terms.

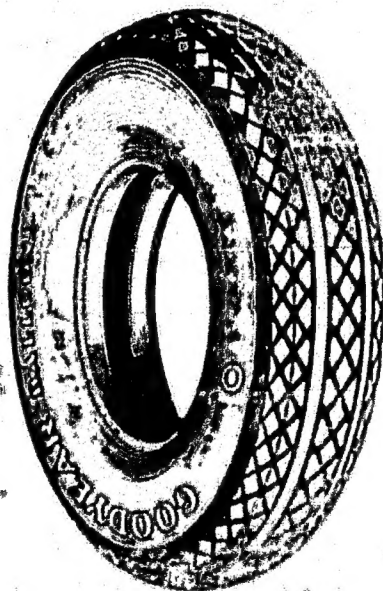
And what a joy the Heatrola will be this winter! As your friends admire its beauty, you'll be feeling its cozy warmth in every room in the house. And it will save you a lot of money in fuel.

Come in or telephone, and let us tell you all about the Estate Heatrola and the extraordinary Free Coal Offer.



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**EDWARD P. LYON**  
 BETHEL, MAINE







# DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By  
Crittenden  
Marriott

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

W. N. U. SERVICE



## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—That her grandfather had been a "Dinsmore Folly" was, for Josephine, a matter of course. It was a fact, she knew, that her grandfather had been a "Dinsmore Folly" and that her father, the late Mr. Paul Dinsmore, had been a "Dinsmore Folly" also. It was a fact, she knew, that her grandfather had been a "Dinsmore Folly" and that her father, the late Mr. Paul Dinsmore, had been a "Dinsmore Folly" also.

CHAPTER II.—Riding with Fred James, Edith's horse bolts. The runaway is stopped by a stranger who calls him M. P. (My Preserver).

CHAPTER III.—Josephine and Fred James, Edith attend a prize fight. Police raid the place. The girl is saved from the indignity of arrest by the same man who had stopped her runaway horse. She learns his name is Braxton, and allows him to think she is a poor relation of the Dinsmores. Telling her father she is in love with Fred James, the old gentleman arranges for Josephine and Edith to take a trip to Japan, with their Aunt Candace.

CHAPTER IV.—On the pier, as the ship is about to sail, the girls hear news that calls for "All hands on deck." Excited, they allow the vessel to sail without them. But with Aunt Candace they find their home surrounded by a crowd denouncing Curtis Dinsmore as a thief. He has disappeared. Edith and Josephine take refuge at "Dinsmore's Folly."

Of course I oughtn't to have caught him! I know that perfectly well. But I wanted to get out and I didn't have time to think up any other way to stop him. And he needn't have gotten so mad. He didn't run into anybody. He came near it, of course; but a miss is as good as a mile. I don't think our chauffeur could have been very brave, for he turned quite white and didn't speak for a minute—not till he had brought the car up to the curb. "Get out!" he yelled.

"Get out!" You wanted to get out, didn't you? Well, then, get! And thank your stars you don't have to be carried.

"You—you—you—" I spluttered. I was so mad I couldn't talk. So I got instead.

Josephine followed me slowly. She handed the man a banknote. "I'm sorry," she said.

The man took the money. "Thank you, miss," he said. "No harm done after all. But if you'll excuse me, I'm a man, you'd better keep an eye on the other young lady, Miss." He started before I could find my voice. And he didn't give Josephine any change. Josephine seemed to understand that I felt for she caught my arm hurriedly. "We came very fast, didn't we?" she asked. "But why did you stop a block from home, Edith?"

The question brought me back to earth. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "But you see? Look?" I pointed.

A block away, in front of our house, the street was black with people. "Our neighbors have read the papers," I went on, "and have come to stare. I knew they would. Maybe we can get in without being noticed—much. We couldn't have if we'd arrived in a taxi."

Decidedly, the waiting people were very angry. They were humming like bees. I could not understand it at first. "What the matter?" asked a woman in a shawl who stood waiting.

According to me, Father had done everything—wrecked railroads, robbed banks, gambled in stocks, ruined thousands of widows and children—and had then disappeared. But he would be found soon; the railroads and ferries were all watched and—

I read no more. At least Father wasn't in jail. I turned on the woman. "I don't believe a word of it," I cried. "Father—"

Josephine clutched my arm abruptly and I stopped. It was the first time in all her life that Josephine had done anything abruptly; and I stopped and turned to see what was the matter. I thought that perhaps she had seen Father approaching. I couldn't imagine her clutching me for any less startling cause.

"What's the matter?" I gasped. Josephine hesitated. "Don't you think—Don't you think—" she began. "That—that—"

I didn't know what she meant. But the woman was speaking and I turned back to her. "Father—" I began again. But she did not allow me to finish. "An' what does your father know?" she broke in. "It is himself that knows more than the grand jury that indicted Dinsmore? It is himself that knows where Dinsmore got the money to build the fine house yonder all for himself and his two daughters? The hussler! It's tearing their clothes off'n their backs I'd like to be, so I would. I'd—"

"You—you—" I spluttered. And again Josephine clutched my arm. I knew what she meant now, but was too furious to listen. No one could call Father names in my presence without my speaking up. "You—you—" I raved. "You—"

"Whist!" The Irishwoman turned away. "Yonder they come. An' I hope they've got him." She turned toward the house.

My eyes followed hers, and for the first time that morning I really looked at the house. Then I gasped. I scarcely recognized it. The upper windows were all blanked by blinds that were pulled down to the very bottom; and the lower windows and the door were hidden behind the flat wooden frames that we always put up when we went away from town in the summer. Father had said nothing about putting them up; he had let us think that he was going to live at home while we were gone. And he must have set the servants to work on them as soon as we started. At the moment I had no time to think of that. The small door in the big entrance frame was open and through it three men were coming. Two were policemen, and one was—

—Thank heaven, it wasn't Father! It was Harter, the caretaker who always lived in the house while we were away. He neared out and then dodged back and closed the door.

The two policemen came down to the pavement and to the patrol wagon that was waiting at the curb. As the second one climbed in he turned and spoke to a man who questioned him.

"Naw!" he said gruffly. "There won't be nothin' doin'. Dinsmore ain't here; and it's a safe bet he won't be. His daughters have sailed for somewhere; and there's nobody here but a caretaker. There's no use waitin'."

He spoke to the one man, but his big voice boomed over the street so that everybody heard it. Then he jumped into the wagon and it clattered away.

The crowd seemed satisfied, for it began to disperse, drifting away by ones and twos till no one was left except Josephine and me and an officer whom I had not noticed before, who stood watching at the corner of the alley just beyond the house. As soon as I saw him I guessed that he had been stationed there to arrest or follow anybody who came to the house, and I made up my mind that he should not see Josephine or me. If the papers and the police thought that Josephine and I had sailed for Japan I would not undecieve them. We could hide and wait till Father turned up. Perhaps I—even I—could do something toward clearing away the cloud that rested on Father's name.

you and I are nearly busted—unless we go to the office and give ourselves dead away."

Josephine considered this for a moment. "Then," she said, "we can't afford to take a taxi out to Dinsmore's. That's nothing." I wasn't going to admit that I had forgotten anything. "We don't need any taxi. We'll go in the subway. Come on."

I started and Josephine followed. For three blocks she followed in silence. Then just at the subway entrance she halted. "I've been thinking," she began.

I stopped and faced her. I had great respect for the result of Josephine's thoughts—when she reached them. She was slow but she was sure—often painfully so. "Well?" I questioned.

Josephine opened her big eyes wider. "I believe Father is on board the steamer," she said. "I believe that was why he sent us on her. I believe he expected to meet us on her after she got to sea."

"Good Lord!" My eyes popped wide and my mouth fell open. "If—" But there was no time for "ifs" just then. "Come along!" I cried, clutching Josephine's arm. "We'll talk all that over at Dinsmore's."

## CHAPTER V

"Oh! h—l," said the duchess, who till then had taken no part in the conversation.

Fred said that any story that is a story ought to start with some such expression as the above. I couldn't work anything of the kind in at the beginning of this story. But—if not at the beginning of a story, why not at the beginning of a chapter?

Not that there is any duchess in this chapter or even in this story. But the state of mind that the quotation connotes certainly does portray the feelings of pretty nearly everybody that appears in this chapter and of a lot of people who do not appear. At least, it portrays their feelings a little later when they heard of the events that took place in this chapter. And if eventually, why not now?

Anyhow, it goes double for me! Josephine and I started for Dinsmore's Folly on the subway; and we took a trolley car; some more anon we walked; and finally we arrived, after traveling for two hours without stopping, except for ten minutes that Josephine insisted on spending in a drug store at the end of the subway, while I stood beside a trolley car and begged the conductor not to start till my sister could join me. The conductor wouldn't promise, but he did wait. And then, after Josephine had come, he waited for a good five minutes longer. Brute!

It was a stiff walk (in high-heeled shoes) beyond the terminus of the line. More than once before I sighted the Dinsmore place did I wish that I had thrown evidence to the winds and had insisted on spending our last nickels for a taxi. But it was too late then; besides, Josephine would never have agreed. Josephine is really peculiar sometimes. Besides, I consoled myself, it would never have done to let a he-gossip of a chauffeur (all chauffeurs are he-gossips) drive two women to Dinsmore's Folly, while the newspapers were ringing with Father's indictment. We'd have had a dozen reporters out to interview us in no time.

At last (it was really not very far except for high-heeled boots) we came in sight of the high stone wall that marked the place. I know that this wall had only one break, an opening about a hundred yards wide, through which "Dinsmore's Folly" looked out upon the river; and I expected to have to walk about an eighth of a mile farther before we could get into the grounds. But as we drew near I saw a wide break in the century-old wall that had not been there when we left a month before.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Somebody's been knocking down my wall." Yes, I called it my wall; somehow I was beginning to feel very intimately toward Dinsmore's Folly.

Josephine looked at the break critically. "More likely it's fallen of itself," she observed. "It's pretty old and crumbly, you know."

"Well, the road through it didn't make itself," I objected. "About a million wagons seem to have been using it for the past month. Of course, I don't want to play down the manager. If people really can save time by short-cutting through the place, and if they aren't afraid their notes will shatter at the sight of the architectural monstrosity of the house, I don't object. But I do think that Perkins might have informed me. However, since the hole is there let's follow it and save ourselves some steps."

I stopped through the break and Josephine followed.

The new road joined one of the old ones inside the place and cut across an angle of the grounds to the front of the house. It certainly did lessen the distance materially.

When we did get there it was all over. Several men had appeared from nowhere (I guessed that they had been passing on the outside road), and had pulled the driver out of the water and carried him to the house. Perkins was just showing them in. From what I could see the driver seemed to be conscious though badly hurt. I wished that I could have seen him closer. I couldn't help believing that I knew him.

Perkins did not follow the party far into the house, for he came back to the door just as Josephine and I staggered up. The affair seemed to have shocked him as much as it had us, for his face was white beneath his tan; and his eyes, when they met ours, were big with panic. The gas that served him for a mouth had dropped open, and he seemed absolutely unable to speak.

Not that I gave him much time. In point of fact I gave him none. Josephine afterwards said that I jumped down his throat.

"Oh, the poor man!" I cried. "Was he badly hurt? Can we do anything? Where have they taken him? Have you a comfortable place for him?"

Perkins' eyes grew wider than ever. He thrust out his neck and drew it in again, just like a turtle. He swallowed his Adam's apple once or twice. Then he gasped. "He'll no suffer, miss," he said. "The doctor man is with him the now."

"The doctor? Good gracious! Is there a doctor here? Oh! I'm so glad. How did you get one so quick? But I suppose he was passing when it occurred and came right in."

"Perkins looked. "Yes, miss," he stuttered. "I suppose that was the way of it, miss. He was passing and came right in."

"And does he think—" "He canna say just yet, miss. But he mindouts that the gentleman isn't hurt serious, though he's lugged up a muckle, ye ken."

I drew a breath of relief. "I'm glad," I said. "Do you know who he is?"

Perkins flushed and I wondered why. But he shook his head promptly enough. "No, miss," he said. "I dinna know at all. But, begging your pardon, miss, I thought you had started for Japan, miss."

This brought me back to earth again. I nodded ruefully. "So we did," I acknowledged. "But we came back. Of course you've seen the papers."

"Yes, miss."

"Well, I'll talk with you about things after a while. Meanwhile, we'll go to our rooms. Be careful not to tell a soul that we're here—not a soul, mind you."

"Your rooms, miss?" Perkins shot out and drew back his head till I thought he was going to shoot it clear off his shoulders. It was perfectly fascinating. "You canna stay here the now, miss."

circumstances. Anyway, we've got to stay—"

"But, miss—" The man's objections were growing wearisome and I cut them short. "That will do, Perkins," I said, sharply. "We stay. And, remember, say nothing about our being here. No one knows it but you; and if it gets out I shall know whom to hold responsible."

I thought this was a very mild rebuke, and I was surprised by the effect it had on Perkins. His eyes wobbled, and his color came and went. I wondered whether he actually resented my speaking as I had. If he did he could resent and be— Oh, well! He could resent it as much as he liked. I hate to speak sharply to anyone, particularly to anyone who can't well resent it. But Perkins certainly had been too persistent. But then, after all, probably he had only been so because he feared we would be uncomfortable. I would—

I was casting about for something to say that would let him down easy, when he beat me to it. His eyes narrowed into the craftiest look. Then—"Very well," he said. "If you mean have your way, you mean, miss. Would I be tellin' everybody that you're no here, miss? Is there no somebody that knows you're here, miss?"

"Nobody'll come, I tell you. Not a soul knows we are here and—"

Josephine interrupted. "Not a soul knows it yet, Perkins," she interrupted. "Plenty of people will know it very soon. Mr. James will be out to see us tomorrow, perhaps tonight. Let us know when he comes."

I gasped. Never before had I known Josephine to interrupt or even to speak curtly. For a moment I could not understand her idea; then, abruptly, I read a new and sinister meaning into Perkins' objections to our living in the house, and into his questions as to whether anyone knew we were there. For the first time I realized that we were two lone girls, neither of us twenty-one years of age; that we were supposed to be on our way to Japan, and that we were actually asking domicile at a lonely house far out in the suburbs of the wickedest city in the United States. Who knew what risks we might run if Perkins supposed that no one knew we were there? What did we know of Perkins, anyhow? Grandfather had trusted him, but— Once started, my suspicions grew by leaps and bounds.

However, there was neither time nor opportunity to speak or even to think at the moment. The men who had helped to carry the injured man into the house were coming out. I hurried to go and speak to the one whom I guessed to be the doctor and to ask him if we could do anything to help. But of course I couldn't speak without telling him who we were. So we could only stand aside and let him think us mere gawping curiosity seekers. However, if he did not take the man away, I hoped to help later.

They showed no intention of taking him away. All of them except the doctor went straight to an automobile that I now noticed was standing in the road and climbed in, apparently washing their hands of the matter. The doctor stopped just outside the door and beckoned to Perkins, who hurried toward him. I could not hear what he said, but I did not doubt that he was giving instructions as to the care

of the man. A moment later he turned away, hurried to the road and got into the automobile, which instantly sped away.

As soon as it had disappeared I hurried forward. My misgivings as to Perkins had somehow vanished. "What did the doctor say, Perkins?" I questioned. "Does he think the gentleman is badly hurt? Is he going to send word to his friends?"

For some reason or other Perkins' hesitating manner had changed. His Scotch had modified. "He's sair hurt, miss," he said. "His arm and two ribs are broken, and his ankle is wrenched. The doctor said it would be better if he could stay here the night."

"Of course he can. You told him we should be do— that is, you told him 'yes' of course?"

Perkins hesitated. "I weren't to say positive, miss," he admitted. "I jaloused I'd be asking the owner and letting him know. The doctor lives not sue far distant and he'll be no long time awn."

"Oh, well. When he comes back you tell him that we shall be very glad to have the gentleman remain as long as he may find it convenient. And tell the gentleman himself that we shall be glad to call on him whenever he is ready to receive us."

Perkins' eyes gleamed. "Yes, miss. And who will I say sends the message, miss?"

I dropped back to earth kerplunk. Yes, sure enough! Who was he to say had sent the message? He couldn't say the Misses Dinsmore, of course. And nobody else had the right to send such a message. And— and how on earth was he to account for us at all? I began to realize that I had gotten Josephine and myself into a peck of complications when I insisted on coming to Dinsmore's Folly. Of course I was repeating itself. The old house bade fair to be Dinsmore's Folly in this generation as well as in great-grandfather's. I hadn't expected to be obliged to account for us at all. But this accident seemed to make it imperative.

While I hesitated Josephine spoke. "Better say nothing to him for the present, Perkins," she ordered. "We'll think it over and—"

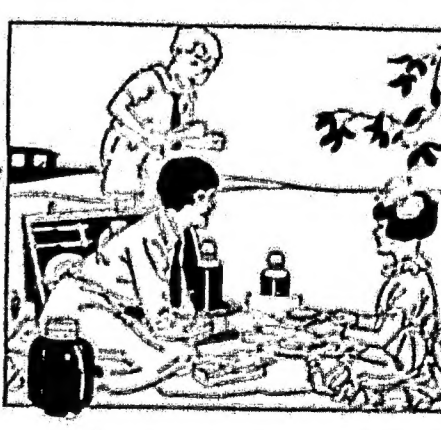
I did not reach this. I had always fancied myself in the role of ministering angel, binding up fevered— or— masculine browns and— and all that. You know—and smoothing down pillows and taking messages and— and— oh, well! I'd always wanted to be a ministering angel, and I had never had the opportunity before. Now that I had it I wasn't going to let it slip. The victim was at my mercy, and I should be nursed or I'd know the reason why.

So I took in. "I've got it!" I cried. "There's no use waiting. We've got to account for ourselves sooner or later or somebody'll come snooping around and see us and the reporters will come and—oh! We've got to account for ourselves and we might as well do it first as last." I turned to Perkins. "Perkins," I said, "you can tell the gentleman and anybody else that needs to know that Miss Josephine Dinsmore, a distant relative of the owner, has just come out to live in the house and act as housekeeper; and that she has brought her sister, Miss Edith, with her. Tell him that Miss Josephine will be glad to have him remain, and that she will very shortly call to see him if she can do anything that will add to his comfort."

Continued Next Week



Josephine Afterwards Said That I Jumped Down His Throat



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